water on thy Choller; goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, *I* will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting; and thou ſhalt wooe her, Cride-game, ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar, me danck you vor dat; by gar *I* loue you, and *I* ſhall procure'a you de good Gueſt; de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, *I* will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*, ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good, vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. *I* pray you now, good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruingman and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Simp. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward, euery way, olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. *I* moſt ſchemently deſire you, you will looke that way.

Simp. *I* will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors *I* am and trempling of minde; *I* ſhall be glad if hee haue deceiued me: how melancholies *I* am? *I* will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when *I* haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule. *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls; melodious Birds ſing Madrigalls: There will wee make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow*: 'Mercie on mee, *I* haue a great diſpoſitions to cry: *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls:——When as I ſat in Pa-*

bilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers, in whoſe fals:* Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter, Maſter *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile, this way.

Euan. Pray you giue me my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*, keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. 'Pleaſſe you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you ſtudy them both Maſter Parſon?

Page. And youth full ſtuft, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons, and cauſes for it?

Page. Wee are come to you, to doe a good office, Maſter Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well, what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſ me perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

Shal. *I* haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres, and vpward; *I* neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. *I* thinke you know him; Maſter Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart, *I* had as liefe you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Euan. Hee has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as